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# SECOND WESSEX

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

MAY, 1961

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## Editorial

THE publication of the first part of the New English Bible and the flight of Major Gagarin in his space ship have been of major importance in the past few weeks. Few people have sought to connect the two events together, or if they have, they have not regarded them as vitally important. Individually though, the tremendous potential which has been demonstrated by the first space-flight, has not gone unnoticed. Many have offered humble comments and lofty opinions about the future of man in space, but what about those of us who have not the opportunity nor the inclination to visit the moon? Should we devote ourselves to our tasks of providing future generations with faster rockets, greater bombs or a better means of learning more about each other? Should we try to combine both the advance of science and the sheet anchor of the arts to produce a more balanced world in which to live? The great sales of the New English Bible have, if they have done nothing more, shown that there is still a keen and vital interest in the human spirit. But man is a naturally lazy creature.

The advance of science is usually heralded by prophecies of better things to come. Despite the rapid advance of scientific discovery in this century, providing for man better living conditions and more time for leisure, there is still a lot to be done before man can feel confident and secure in facing the future. But does confidence and security come from scientific advance? In the light of the H-bomb and the Aldermaston march, I very much doubt it. But for the person who stops to reflect and learn about his fellow men, there is an ample means of salvation. If man is to advance he must reflect on life as his fellows see it and open the gifts of past generations which are contained in literature, art and music. Alas, the lure of the present sedative society draws him away from his quest for the ultimate reality of life. He must search on.

The delay in publication of this edition of "Second Wessex" has been due to the reluctance of people to offer their contributions early enough to allow for a balanced choice to be made. However, I hope that the articles and poems will bear the perusal of those who have nothing better to do than to prepare for finals and sessionals. I am glad to say that a few people still have the courage to stop and think about life, apart from devoting their day to their studies. You have all heard of apathy, lack of culture and general ineptitude in this University. You, the general student public who have bought this magazine out of pity: stop and read it, and think about what you could do for the University instead of shying from it. But I am sure by now the feeling of regret has arisen at the back of your mind because you have stopped to spend sixpence on a magazine which you buy out of sheer support for some unaccountable "esprit de corps." If this is so, do not read on, for you will only find your time wasted further by learning that the Editor's thanks are due to all those of you who have contributed and shown interest during this year, his deep gratitude is due to his staff for keeping him well informed and contributing their valuable time, and that finally he is indebted to those who have made this magazine possible, especially to G. F. Wilson and Company, Limited.

"What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed?"

Hamlet 4, iv, 33-5.

## Afternoon

With hushed voice and whispered laugh  
We touch the shining scales of the fish  
of our love.

That almost swam;  
that almost flipped from its shadowed pool  
to thrust and dart in the path of the sun.  
a silver spark,  
through flames of blue and green,  
to join the white, unchanging light  
of Nothing.

Now, looking back,  
we see, far away,  
the pool in the cleft of rock,  
the ripples above the path to the sun.

And the fish, dead, in our hands.

## An Approach to Modern Music

SOME attempt will be made in this article to outline a more progressive and, one hopes, a more fruitful approach to the problems of modern musical expression than was made in an article on the subject which appeared in the previous edition of "Second Wessex."

More confidence might be held in the above mentioned article's statement that: "Musical salvation therefore undoubtedly lies in the classics," if we could say with any certainty which works comprise the "classics." The musical public have usually been even slower than the critics to recognise the immortality which is a reflection of true greatness, and just as often wrong.

Many examples may be quoted. A biographer of Ludwig Spohr writes: "It is a sad reflection on the error of contemporary judgments that Spohr, in his lifetime regarded as at least the peer of Beethoven, should now be remembered only by a line in a comic opera." It is also recorded that Beethoven's "Battle" Symphony, possibly the worst work to come from his pen, was in its day certainly the most popular; that only one concert of Schubert's music was given during his lifetime (a bundle of his manuscripts was sold after his death for 8/6); that Mendelssohn was the first conductor to perform the great St. Matthew Passion of Bach, nearly a hundred years after its composer's death. A great many more examples could be given to show how the public has failed to appreciate the true worth of contemporary artists.

It is to be hoped that with the mass media of today the work of no composer could remain unrecognised and unperformed during his lifetime. Yet contemporary judgments are no more likely to be lasting now than they have been in the past. It is only during the past year, after a considerable campaign by the B.B.C., that concert halls have begun to be filled for Mahler's music; and Bruckner is still almost unknown in England.

The aversion of the general musical public towards contemporary music is judged to be due to its predominantly atonal nature with the consequent discords and lack of definite melody. That this aversion should exist is hardly surprising in view of the fact that from childhood, the average listener is raised on a musical diet consisting almost entirely (from "pop" to classic) of music written on the familiar diatonic system of keys and harmonies. Young children at school, with no preconceptions, are known to obtain equal enjoyment and stimulation from all forms of music: old and new, English and Chinese, tonal and atonal. With open minds they are able to appreciate each composition on its own terms, even if at only a relatively simple level.

It is probable that to the average listener, the music of the East—Indian, Chinese and Japanese—based on unfamiliar modal systems, makes even less appeal than the modern expressions of Western European music. It would, however, be most unreasonable to conclude that these cultures have not produced their own great compositions and "classics," and is evidently not the case. Unfortunately, a majority of the musical public would appear to hold just such opinions. We have to accept that there always has been, and presumably always will be, antipathy to the new and unfamiliar in all spheres of art as well as in music, and attempt to be more enlightened ourselves.

That some new musical form and discipline should be evolved was almost inevitable from the time of Bach. It has been said that he himself exhausted all the possibilities of tonality. The chief direction of the Romantic movement, beginning after Beethoven, was towards increased emotional content and freer use of the musical "bricks and mortar," culminating in the free-flowing chromaticism of Wagner. After this, some halt had to be called to the growth in size of the orchestral forces used, which reached huge proportions with Mahler, and some new structure devised to bear the intellectual and emotional problems of musical expression. This, Schönberg and his pupils Berg and Webern attempted with their twelve-note technique. It is surely much too early to say in a categorical manner whether they have fully succeeded or not. It is sufficient to say that each have produced undoubted masterpieces in this form and that the great Master of 20th Century Music, Stravinsky, has, this late in his life, turned to serial technique for his newest works.

This century has already become of great musical significance. Apart from the twelve note system, it has produced a vital new folk-music in jazz, which has developed in its own right, having become the basis of the world's popular music and has had considerable influence on "serious" composers. A highly successful fusion of forms and origins has been achieved in Bernstein's "Musical"—"West Side Story." Great nationalist composers have emerged to exploit the wealth of the world's folk-music: Bartok, Kodaly, Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, and great international musical creators: Stravinsky, Schönberg, Britten, Shostakovich. All these, and others besides, have studied the classics and then turned away to go forward and fulfil their function as artists which is to create. Although this century, like all its predecessors, has produced its dross, it has already produced much gold to enrich our musical lives.

D. J. BURGES.



## Metamorphosis

Words, words, words,  
Waiting to be used, like paint.  
How strange that I still see her!  
In crowds and dreams and intervals at the cinema!  
Suddenly!

The face which I fix in her image  
Like reflection in a rippled puddle  
Moves, creases, breaks, and is savagely still,  
Another stranger! I accept the failure.  
But cannot accept the loss.  
I cannot say what I feel  
I cannot squeeze the threads of meaning  
Through the mesh of words.

I am at home, with familiar things,  
Catalysts of grief, the days we shared  
Exploding into memory.  
That dream! I am a ghost, animate only  
In old, browned photographs . . .

What have I done since then?  
Why did I leave my rock—

Bed, uncomfortable, but assured,  
For a quicksand of emotion?  
We clung together  
Helped each other  
Though the sands shifted

Hoping thus to survive . . . at what point, then,  
Did love yield to fear? At what point  
Did I feel her (almost imperceptibly)  
Begin to press me down?

## What is there more ? A Christian Socialist Viewpoint

CHRISTIANITY is one of the streams of thought that have created democratic socialism. This is not to deny that all too often the Church has been in disreputable alliance with the forces of political reaction, but rather to assert that many of its sons have seen more clearly the implications of their faith, and realised that Christianity implies a radical approach to social and therefore political institutions.

The conception of the dignity of man in Christian thought has two roots—the Old Testament teaching that man was created in the image of God, and the New Testament Gospel that God came to earth as a man and lived and died for all men of all times. This means that every individual of whatever race or creed, however great or lowly his background or standing in life, has a particular worth of his own, quite independent of his usefulness to society. The image of God Himself is shown in human personality : therefore every human personality must have opportunity to develop to the utmost, for in that way a man comes nearer to God.

A society which does not give full opportunity for every individual to live a decent life and develop his personality to the full is therefore in conflict with this basic principle. Every person has a right to the decent housing and the adequate income which are essential if he and his family are to be free to fulfill themselves. Likewise, all must have a full education : not merely one which suffices to fit them for a job in keeping with their aptitudes, but one which gives them every facility for developing all the natural gifts given to them by God and so growing in His likeness.

If we regard every individual in this light, it is clear that all must have the largest possible amount of control over their own lives. That a political democracy is necessary for this, goes without saying, and this must be the object of all peoples of all races. Also there is no place for the attitude which sees a man in his working time as a mere hired hand and thus blasphemously depersonalises him. Fortunately, economic circumstances, which may or may not be permanent, have greatly improved conditions in this country. Most people, though by no means all, have some opportunity to select a job which they think suits them; and the worst abuses of low wages and hard working conditions have been removed. For this we can be thankful, but not complacent. There is no guarantee that things will remain thus : moreover there is still much that is wrong with our system; for example, far too many workers have no share in the control of their working life, no sense of involvement or purpose in what they

do. Thus for their working life they are partially deprived of their dignity as human beings. What is more, it has to be remembered that even with these qualifications the situation of the people in England is far happier than that of the great majority of the human race, and we are just as much concerned with them.

One of the basic truths underlying the parables in the early chapters of the Book of Genesis is that God, having created the world and all that is contained in it, placed man as lord over it: but it was, and still is God's world. Everything that man claims to possess, he possesses on behalf of God, as God's steward, and he has the duty of using it in accordance with God's will. The parable of the talents in the New Testament has the same basic meaning. Therefore the right to possession depends not on inheritance or any other "natural" claim but upon the use that is made of them. Any person or groups that use things to further their own self interest instead of having due regard for others are clearly misusing them. (This was the teaching even of Aquinas who is often regarded as the High Tory of Christian social thought.) Evidently this has many far reaching political implications which can be conveniently considered in two categories; individual and communal.

In the first place, the individual who says "It is my own. I can do what I like with it" is wrong. He holds it to use it for God's purposes. If he blatantly and persistently uses it to further his own interests to the detriment of the interests of the community, he is clearly failing in his stewardship, and his right to the possessions is thereby forfeit. Accordingly, the community can legitimately intervene when, for example, the private profit of the shareholders, instead of the filling of a social need, is the dominant motive behind the running of an industry; or when speculation in land leads to the soaring prices of building plots urgently required for houses, schools and hospitals. Looking further afield, a ruler, whether he be in the Middle East, in South-East Asia, or elsewhere, who runs his country for his own profit, has no right to rule. This same doctrine imposes great responsibilities on the whole community as well. A nation has no right to build up its own wealth at the expense of other countries. It has certainly not always been the case that states have followed this rule in their economic policy. In the same way colonialism which in one way or another has as its prime objective either to gain sources of raw material or markets for exports, cannot be justified. Nor can that hypocritical kind of aid to underdeveloped countries which has the same result.

In contrast, the community has an obligation to use its resources for the benefit of other people. First claim must be conceded to the underprivileged within that community; but, after that, instead of devoting resources to raising the standard of living in that community as a whole, help on as large a scale as possible must be given to those underdeveloped, underprivileged countries which have a much lower standard of living.

So far we have been concerned with the general principles of political and social action. Now we turn to an attempt to vindicate their application to our present situation.

We live today in a society which totally lacks any sense of corporate purpose such as was current during the last war and perhaps in the years immediately following 1945. Now the prevailing philosophy is "grab": of every man for himself, of selfhelp run wild. Society has become one vast rat race in which values are inverted and a show of private prosperity only partly disguises an underlying public squalor.

Meanwhile two-thirds of the human race suffer from malnutrition and many of our best intellects are concentrated on the problem of discovering the most efficient means of decimating the population of other countries.

There are three basic problems facing us: ending the cold war deadlock, since this prevents any rapid progress in any direction; aiding the underdeveloped regions of the world where poverty and famine are endemic; and creating a decent and purposeful society here in our own country. All these are closely linked but it will be convenient to deal with the question of aid to the underprivileged countries.

There are two main reasons for giving such aid. Firstly, we have a moral obligation to make a proper use of those resources which God has given us to help other human beings to achieve that fullness of life which their creator intended them to enjoy. Secondly, there are strong political reasons for wishing to give aid on a far greater scale than ever before. Poverty is the really vital factor in world politics today; it is much more important and real to most people than are abstract concepts of freedom; and it appears to many of the underprivileged people of the world that Communism provides the most effective answer to their problem. Unless we can show and make effective an even more efficient alternative, it is most probable that vast areas of the world will turn to Communism.

But it is important that this aid be given freely without political or strategic conditions of any kind: otherwise it will appear to be just another example of Western neo-colonialism. Failure to pay attention to this has vitiated much aid to date, though in any case this has been little enough. It is difficult to see how this can be done while we are so closely linked with a great power bloc. We shall not be able to appear as genuine, impartial friends of underdeveloped countries unless we withdraw from the Cold War deadlock and pursue a policy of positive neutralism. Of course this is a dangerous policy: but so is the present one, and the latter will almost certainly lead to defeat in the Cold War in the manner suggested above. Moreover, our present position in the Cold War leads us to the policy of the nuclear deterrent, a policy which is surely unjustifiable in Christian terms. At present we find that our allies in the defence of freedom include General Franco and Dr. Salazar; we also find ourselves and

our allies bolstering up corrupt, unjust and undemocratic societies, notably in South-East Asia and Latin America. Policies based on a narrow and short sighted self interest are here overcoming any scruples about the rights of our fellow men to a decent way of life.

Turning to the home situation we have, as already suggested, the enormous task of changing the values of society and therefore the people who compose it. Today, lacking any sense of a communal purpose, individuals just drift. Far from being free, the average person is a tool, an other-manipulated being, at the mercy of the mass persuader. This is contrary to one of the basic principles of Christianity—the worth of the individual person and their right to full self-development. Every person has the right to control his own life. This applies to working life as much as anything else and implies that the distinction between the worker—the “hired hand”—and the ownership or management must be broken down. For this some form of common ownership is clearly necessary (though not in most cases along the lines of the present nationalised industries).

Common ownership has always been the touchstone of genuine socialism and it is indeed essential. True it is necessary as a means to an end—decent human relationships: but it is an indispensable means to these: for “the quality of these relations is not something that could exist separately, up in the air, without a set of institutions to embody it . . . If someone kept insisting that, after all, Parliamentary institutions were ‘just a means’ to democracy, or slavery ‘just a means’ to oppression we would be very suspicious indeed.” (Charles Taylor in “New Left Review” No. 4.)

If we are to use properly the resources God has given us, the economy must be planned. At present with private profit rather than social utility the fundamental motive of economic activity, a great proportion of our resources is used wastefully and irresponsibly. Many millions are spent on advertising designed to persuade the people to buy things they did not know they needed till then. Hospitals, schools and welfare clinics struggle on in out-of-date or inadequate temporary premises, while the Shell building rears itself in ugly splendour over the centre of London. Large sums of money are annually spent on entertainment through tax-free expense accounts: and we have to economise by increasing National Health Service charges.

The Welfare State which is the target of growing hostility should be regarded as an embodiment of applied Christianity. If it were properly developed—and all the indications are that the reverse is to take place—it would help to make possible reasonable human relationships by ensuring that all should have ready access to the requirements for a decent life without anyone suffering the humiliation of being branded in some way as a kind of second class citizen. This latter is what would inevitably happen if the services of the Welfare State were free only to some. A graduated income tax is still the most equitable and just way of financing the Welfare State.

Human beings and human relationships are then, the essence of Christian Socialism. For, as Archbishop William Temple wrote :

"The aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality, in the widest and deepest fellowship."

## Doctor Sisyphus

Thin, bird like  
Reedy voiced too.  
The hopeless, the unhappy,  
Welded in this one  
Small cramped man.  
An unreachable insect in a  
Brittle shell.  
A passer-by, man in the  
Street.

Comparing himself in his teaching to  
Mighty Sisyphus, truer than he thought.  
The sarcasm bitter, unrelenting yet  
Somehow involuntary.  
Dried of kindness but with its stain,  
Still scuttling through the motions  
Of a world now gone.  
Weighed down with the banalities and the  
History of his own life.

But now that living corpse no longer  
Lives and he is mourned who was never  
Understood.

MICK MILLER.

## Once Upon a Pear Tree

Brown blistered heels on a swaying ladder  
Grubby toes in slingback sandals  
As she umbrella'd in the greenmass  
Plucks the lucky fruit, and for me,  
The onlooker, the world spins and whirrs  
Towards eternity.  
Three feet behind my useless speaking  
Mouth—I watch it move.  
The banal words coiling into  
Barbed wire.

Slipping, sliding down the cliff-face  
With some control,  
I reach the firm known ground, dust myself off  
(With lies) and continue, apparently resigned.  
This body, all magic, has survived the sudden  
Descent.  
The poetic pastoral setting now adjudged figmentary,  
Objectivity has been reached.  
But the white branch scratches on her swart  
Skin are deeper.

MICK MILLER.

## Chant d'Adieu

O brother mollusc,  
Is not the sea-floor  
Calm, at least?  
Let the gulls heckle,  
Squawk and tumble,  
In the merciless, bright,  
Ineffably smiling sky,  
That wears the same intolerable grin  
(to show that it means well)  
To light thick fingers as they clutch the rose  
And (merely) indicate  
The sparrow's fall.

IAN MASTERS.

## Trees in the Wind

Stand  
quiet in the shelter of the road.  
Listen  
to the unique expression of  
a thousand million reeds each  
with its own manner  
speaking.

Walk  
slowly up the road to pass  
from one giant instrument to another.  
Stand  
belittled beneath black branches, black  
infinitely black against the wind.

Walk slowly,  
walk softly lest you disturb the players,  
hear not footsteps but a dynamic concord;  
lights approach,  
man passes,  
fumes remain.

Hasten  
past the space where no tree stands.  
Listen to the last sentinels of retreating nature  
and slip between the gates to be  
ensnared again.  
Follow the driver's inevitable curve,  
leading irresistably towards the  
pettiness of life and its  
inseparable frustration.  
Pass the specimens growing at man's whim  
who dare not, cannot  
speak.

J. R. JEFFERY.



## The 'Veteran' at University

WHEN the Editor gave me the above title, I did not expect any major difficulties in putting together some form of article. However, after a good deal of talking with older students on attitudes and impressions experienced while at University, the fact soon emerged that there is no such thing as an "older student view." This is perhaps not surprising since there is in this University a wide range of "mature" students; a range which includes an ex-seaman, coalminer, coach driver, ex-bricklayer and former factory, clerical and commercial workers. Thus, though it may be possible to talk of the grammar school attitude, or even to a more limited extent, the Public School approach, it is not possible to do the same for the "mature age" group.

It does not mean of course that there are no factors which are common to most students of mature age. There is, for example, an almost complete freedom from the "O" and "A" Level complex which is common to some students. Possibly also, most older students are, through previous experiences, more prepared to embrace the values of a university education, though of course they may not be so well equipped by background to appreciate them as the public or grammar school student. Also the fact that the older student has usually obtained a greater proportion of responsible offices in the Union and in University societies, suggests a greater interest in the "community" aspect of university. Following from this, it must also be true that older students usually arrive with a greater degree of assurance and apparent competence, which to some extent must explain why a student body in which the 18—21 age group predominates, consistently elects its officers from amongst the "old men."

It is probably true also that the older student finds the financial strain of being at university rather greater than do other students. The student grant involves a considerable fall from what was earned previously whereas to most students (apart from those who suffer the worst effects of the means test), the university grant is a substantial increase in income.

The general older student attitude (in so far as it exists) cannot of course vary very much from the attitude of most other groups. Most people, whatever their age groups, apart from those who are virtually sent here by their parents or who come with the sole object of obtaining a passport to a well-paid job, come to university for the same reasons, which are roughly to gain new experiences and to broaden understanding, while at the same time to obtain specialised instruction in the chosen subjects. Older students perhaps find the pedantic lecturer, and the stiff formality which sometimes exists rather more

laughable than most, and probably feel that the arguments used to justify the regular internal examination takes rather more understanding. It does seem fairly obvious that the more extensive use of the seminar and tutorial system is a much better way of ensuring that students do not slacken than the examination method. Though it is not possible to generalise about the merits and demerits of the lecture system, it is obvious that in certain subjects and in the early stages of the university career the lecture will be of more importance. It seems, however, that in some subjects the student could be given greater facilities for building up his grasp of a subject by means of the seminar and tutorial. (There are students in this university for example, reading arts and social science, who have written less than 20 essays or seminar papers in the whole of their three or four-year course.) The absence of the tutorial and seminar work is more likely to be regretted by the older student, coming as he often does from Ruskin and similar places where these methods make up the major form of instruction.

A feature of new universities such as Southampton, which is rather disappointing, though here again it is a disappointment felt by many students irrespective of age group, is the practice of attempting to ape some of the older university activities. One would have thought that new universities would have been more concerned with building up their own reputations and traditions rather than to adopt almost entirely such hackneyed institutions as Rag, Union Dinners, and so on. The flat rejection by most students at Southampton of the attempt to reintroduce the regular wearing of gowns and the emergence of the Annual Arts Festival are encouraging signs that there is a movement away from this trend. The first Arts Festival could not be described as a monumental success, but with more support it could become a regularly improving feature.

The old problem of improving inter-faculty understanding is, of course, still one of the major tasks to be cleared up. Though the compulsory open lecture can do something towards solving the problem, until new ideas are introduced, the economist and Arts student will continue to leave university with practically no understanding of what the engineers and other technical students are attempting to do, and the same failing will continue to apply in the opposite direction.

It may be asked what have the majority of the above comments got to do with the title, and straight away it must be conceded that there is nothing here which measures up to what the Christians have been saying in "Wessex News" recently about their role and purpose in the University. The answer must be, of course, as suggested earlier, that older students have very few separate characteristics and on the whole fit in to university life in the same way as most others. They are perhaps more able to recognise the degree of freedom which exists in the university. Freedom from "clocking in" and other routines, freedom to criticise the establishment (not always a wise

practice outside), freedom to take a day off to march down Southampton High Street to complain about student grants or some similar grievance, access to facilities (such as libraries) which still do not exist to the same extent outside (particularly in the industrial areas) and all sorts of similar liberties which are not enjoyed by those who never come to university. That there will be disappointing features in university is inevitable, but with more pay the life of a professional student would not be a bad one. In any case it's better than the pit or the building site.

DERRICK M. HOLMES.

## December Day

On that dull December day,  
For a moment,  
Our two paths crossed.  
Then we continued to our ultimate  
Lost infinities  
He so tender was in years  
That I remembered all—  
My fears, the cameo of fragments—  
Held. And all important lost.  
My mind dwelt on just such Saturdays  
I had spent in aimless wanderings.  
Strange. To burn so indelible on my mind.  
Then I wished I might become  
Even so  
Part of this boy's memories.  
How could I know that pain, and fear,  
And mortal dread of death  
Would be the agents of my wish?

And then in evening  
That sweat-drenching and  
Limb-clenching pain came,  
And he lay helpless.  
Then,  
In that brief moment,  
The sharpened spear of day's events  
Was buried in his side.  
And I lived on in him.  
But such a pain  
Was given to the boy  
In that sweet moment  
I now dread  
To wish again.

PETE BANHAM.

## The Kings Speech on Accession

I, your noble King,  
Acceding to this monarchy  
(or rather with a rueful grin  
perhaps should say Matriarchy)  
Address you, my subjects,  
Sworn in loyalty ever to extol  
My praises.

It seems I now must be  
The twenty-seventh king  
Succeeding to this heirarchy,  
With its noble history.  
Previous kings I see have been  
Assassinated, abdicated,  
Mutilated, died unnaturally  
In suspicious circumstances  
Or disappeared without a trace,  
Leaving a grieving queen,  
Who, in her country's dreadful need  
For the Good of the People  
Has quickly found another face  
to fill the postage stamps and coinage.  
Know that my reign is absolute,  
My queen beautiful,  
And myself apprehensive.  
Nevertheless  
The world must see  
Unflinching duty to my crown  
(which, owing to a succession of accidents  
no longer fits exactly).  
As I sit in my royal gown  
(somewhat inelegantly  
it being severally altered  
out of recognition  
by previous occupants of this  
position)  
Be it known throughout the land  
This hand shall deal destruction  
(providing of course the queen has given  
her royal sanction  
and her mother  
Agrees with the Action)

Tremble then to my power  
Almighty for all time  
(except during weekdays  
when the dear queen helps).

PETE BANHAM.

## City of the Mind

Once in the barren city of the mind  
Starved by a never ending night,  
I sweated in a multitude of ways;  
Then found a cool tree in that dread space.  
It seemed to me eternal light  
Blazed from its branches.  
It snatched its fingers at the moon,  
Alone surviving her cold might.  
Then I knew we must embrace,  
This tree and I, unholy alliance  
Against almighty law—or die.

But reaching out my hand  
I wept salt tears  
As light on lifeless twigs  
Died to my touch.  
This last then was naught.  
But death, slow fading light  
As my memories crumbled.  
And still the moon shone.

PETE BANHAM.

## Smiles of Sadness

Petals—  
Ruby-fire and stone;  
Apart, suspended, still.  
Crystals—  
Sharply-clear, molest  
Calm, so calm, tranquility.  
Quiver;—  
Close;—  
Petals fade and fall  
Flicker;—  
Close;—  
Crystals melt and cry and cry . . .

D. G. DRURY.

## The Arts Festival—Next Year and After

*The relative success of the first University Arts Festival has indicated that another could be held in Southampton next year. Before another Festival is planned however, it might be useful to take a lesson from the first, and consider how subsequent Festivals might develop.*

It was obvious to anyone outside the University who received an Arts Festival programme last term, that because of its experimental nature, the first Festival was suffering from self-consciousness, and that all the items in the programme were necessarily popular, but at the same time unimaginative. Thus the success of the Festival, despite its solid respectability, was due mainly to the fact that it was the first. Fortunately details of the programme were withheld until general curiosity had almost reached the right intensity, and consequently the impact of the Festival when it did come was nearly great enough to sustain it for the two weeks. But not quite, for in the second week there was a marked decline of interest in the Festival, particularly amongst students, which was due not so much to bad planning and mediocre performances as to staleness and lack of contrasts. The enthusiasm of audiences, so noticeable at the beginning, disappeared, and the Festival went out almost unnoticed.

This steady decline of interest throughout the fortnight is perhaps the greatest single factor to be considered in the planning of a second Festival. Next year is an important year for the Arts Festival, for although the members of the University have shown that they will support a new idea, perhaps for its own sake, they might not support it a second time. Certainly another Festival similar in form and content to the first will fail, for the organisers will not have the benefit of any natural enthusiasm for a new venture nor the air of expectancy which accompanies it. Thus the originality of the idea of having an Arts Festival at all must be replaced by an original and imaginative conception of the form of a Festival in a University. There is no set pattern to be followed, for the form of the Festival should always be largely experimental.

If two of the aims of the Festival remain the same, namely to raise the standards of student productions and to improve relations with the town, no single item in a Festival can be expected to achieve both aims. Nor can the University be expected to act like a magnet during the Festival for people in the town. It is now obvious to everyone that no matter what the University offers of general interest, the town will be poorly represented. The second Arts Festival, therefore, could be deliberately divided in order to achieve both aims, but

without losing sight of the main aim, namely the furthering of an interest in the Arts. Hence performances in the University by the most highly accomplished students in the country in music and drama might achieve the first aim. Similarly, performances by professional and local amateur artistes, exhibitions, and a separate film festival, taking place in the town itself but administered by the Arts Festival Committee and included in the University Arts Festival, might achieve the second aim.\*

In a few years, with the completion of suitable buildings, the two parts could be merged and the whole Festival could take place again in the University. By then the Festival will be established and individuals, organisations and companies might have been persuaded to give financial backing. But the most one can hope is that all the student performances will be given by students of Southampton University; that the Spring Term will be reduced to eight weeks to allow the Festival to run unhindered for a further two; and that while the greater part of the administration remains in the hands of the Students' Union, the university authorities will retain an interest in the Festival. Whichever way the Festival develops, the ultimate goal will remain—with the Engineering and Science Faculties participating, a Festival of the Arts and Sciences for the South of England.

J.S.

\*It might be argued that the whole point of the Festival is to bring the town to the University. In spite of intelligent advertising, this has so far proved impossible. The situation might improve if the University went to the town.

## Evening

The moon peers through the mist, a bloodshot eye,  
Upon the shrouded water-meadow's edge;  
A dancing, smoky haze obscures the sky,  
Frogs croak from in amongst the trembling sedge.

The water-lilies close up, one by one;  
A line of distant ghosts, the poplars loom  
Menacing against the dying sun;  
A chain of glow-worms stitches through the gloom.

The sleeping screech-owls wake, blink, and survey  
The southern skies, awash with sullen light,  
Then glide, coal-eyes intent, upon their rodent prey;  
Nacrous, Venus emerges, and 'tis night!

(From the French of Paul Verlaine).

M. J. DURHAM.

1946

Thus are we now deceived,  
Amidst great shouting and much idle noise;  
The cries are those that lead men on to death—  
One might believe the hollow men who utter them,  
But the tune which they employ soon shows them false :  
These are the urgings of no patriots.

This world, wherein still gnaws red, glowing fire,  
An empty palace, set up now for sale;  
Whilst up above the azure sky still shines  
People still live here, for they know not yet  
The roof is bound to fall, come crashing down;  
This House of Ashes simply cannot stand.

From this most central, great, and honoured court  
One hears the savage song of hungry men;  
On ev'ry storey of this mighty edifice  
Falsehood sets its gaudy blooms on show,  
And on the winding stair, bled white by time,  
Death mocks us with a hollow, sneering laugh.

The gramophone revolves, revolves, revolves,  
A black sun leering from the bottom of a pit;  
The dancers, spinning too, they have this night—  
What comes tomorrow—who can tell—who cares?  
Absent hearts, evasive glances, furtive eyes  
Knowing the vanity of their senseless flight.

From my window I see, scattered on the beach,  
Slaughtered children; and whilst flames devour  
The shattered villages, jackals sit, patient  
Red tongues lolling like the fierce red flames,  
Whilst in the cafes, strung along the Seine,  
Self-interest is the order of the day.

Oh, whence this stench of decomposing flesh,  
So ill-disguised by all our rich perfumes?  
Could it be our dead and rotting dreams,  
Without a hope of future or of a tomb?  
The Captains of Adventure silent sit  
And dream of better, stronger plagues to come.



Although their hands still reek of recent massacre  
These shatterers of dreams, and slaughterers of hopes,  
Deaden, with music from beyond the seas,  
The anguished, piercing screams, which fail to reach  
The casual, complacent passers-by  
Through this dense, bloody twilight gloom.

(From the French of Louis Aragon).

M. J. DURHAM.

## Lily

Dwindling down brawling stream  
Missing because disconnected  
Scouring rock involving eddy  
Twig, arrested by a lily  
Stops.  
Bark, gnarled, tough,  
Greets wax-white petal,  
Shudders, leaps, by clawing water  
Fretted, pushed, compelled to stay,  
Rises frantic, fails  
And falling,  
As she yields is swept away.

From the tearing of the torrent  
Not one petal is exempt.  
Hopes of fusion all illusion  
(surface-tension cannot bind)  
She must take what currents offer,  
And her roots slide soft in sand.

IAN MASTERS.

In the evening Park  
Where lights in careless licks across the water  
Point golden fingers at my feet, I wonder  
How we could have been, together.

And bell-notes linger  
Stretched out like a memory . . .

I remember her  
I shall not always remember  
Her diffuse glory like the sky at evening.

Now we sit, we two, burdened with our days,  
The fire we knew is bone-cold.  
It's not, you understand, that she has left me,  
Just that we have both grown old.

A.D.

## 'Viva la Corrida'

"BRUTAL, Horrible, Barbaric." These are the usual comments which the British tourist expresses about bullfighting before he or she has ever contemplated actually visiting a bullring to see a live bullfight. Having spent three and a half hours in the relentless Iberian sun, having been jostled and shoved by an excited, cheerful, fanatical mass of aficionados in a steaming atmosphere of heat, sweat, tension, wine and death, the quivering Englishman, skin already beginning to peel from his arms and face, stumbles with rubbery legs towards the jammed exit: his mind and soul intoxicated with his enthusiasm for his newly-found media of cathartic self-expression.

A certain way of incurring the displeasure of the Spaniard, especially in Andalusia, is to refer to bullfighting as a sport. Admittedly, the bullfight is a national pastime. However, no Spaniard would ever refer to it as a sport; and what is more, many Spaniards cannot imagine even its unfamiliarity among foreigners being reasonable grounds for such a designation. In the words of John Marks: "Bullfighting is not a cruel sport, but a cruel method of achieving plastic beauty." The question of cruelty is the most familiar argument against bullfighting, and usually avokes a Spanish response comparing it to fox hunting. Most Spaniards regard fox hunting as being intensely cruel due to the fact that the poor fox is no match in himself for the assemblage of men chasing him. The bull, on the other hand, is more than a match for an unarmed man, and when the matador is confronted with a fierce fighting bull, his sole aids are a slender sword and the combination of his fitness and skill.

The bull is by nature a fighting animal, and the Spanish fighting bull has been specially bred and conditioned to fight and die for his life in a strenuous battle wherein no quarter is given. The bull is as well fitted for the corrida as is the racehorse for the Grand National. Any wounds which the bull might receive before his death are received in the heat of battle, and thus are all the more bearable. The bull is destined to die, either in the arena or in the slaughterhouse; and if when the time comes he is able to make some sort of fight for his pains, then he should not be denied the chance of what he would expect if he were not in captivity, but were roaming the plains.

The bullfight may be regarded as a drama in four scenes, and as such preserves the classical unities of time, place and action. The four stages of the bullfight are completely separate in themselves with regard to content; and the actions therein are strictly governed by law. There is ample room for the matador, the picador and all

the other men concerned with the ring work to display feats of daring and courage which could hardly be performed elsewhere with the same breathtaking coolness and skill. One mistake on the part of the man, and it is almost certain that he will be seriously injured if not mortally wounded. It is by watching and mentally sharing in the performance of such deeds that the audience achieve such a tremendous transposition of existence. For three hours the peon is no longer a downtrodden labourer, but a dashing hero executing deeds beyond the possibilities of his wildest dreams. The colour, danger and drama of the *corrida* replace momentarily the drab monotony of the frugal existence of the hand-to-mouth life of the vast majority of the Spanish population.

The bull having entered the arena, and the matador having tested him for the direction he will take in charging, the picadors enter to perform their grisly task. It is this aspect of the bullfight which will annoy the Spaniard the most, if he is opposed in any way to bullfighting, as the introduction of horses mars rather than improves the spectacle as a whole. The good picador is a rarity nowadays; the majority heaving on their lance and apparently displaying but little respect for the bull. However, the picador is a necessary evil, and we can expect to see him at work for many years to come, if not for the duration of bullfighting in its recognizable state. The ability of the President of the *Corrida* is tested to the utmost at this stage, as it is up to him to stop the picador when he considers that the bull has received sufficient goading to produce in him the fury to last the remainder of his numbered minutes of life. The top class matador, however, will often order the picador to cease work prior to the President's signal if he wishes to perform a daring series of passes with the cape, or if he considers that the bull is deceptively energetic and will suddenly tire and present him with too easy a task. The crowd always appreciates such a humane action, and providing that the matador has the necessary skill, he will never fail to the highest acclamation.

The second stage of the drama comes with the placing of the *banderillas*, which are decorated darts, each between two and three feet in length and having barbed hooks at one end. These are placed in the bull's back, and if done to perfection, hang down in a cluster over his flanks. This operation is done with the intention of exciting the animal and giving it yet further inducement to charge. The *banderillas* are placed either by the matador himself or else by a specialist in the art, who will often be found to be a former matador who did not make the top grade. The whole operation usually takes only a few minutes to accomplish, but requires a very high degree of skill and judgment as they are placed two at a time whilst the bull charges at the man trying to place them. The man who performs this feat must of necessity be perfectly fit physically, and have the ability to be extremely agile whilst running at a very fast pace indeed.

The third stage of the *corrida* is in effect a solo performance by

the matador. Indeed, he is for all intents and purposes on his own for the rest of the fight. Using the red cape, he plays the bull, trying all the while to learn its individual peculiarities, and at the same time striving to dominate the animal by means of his own bravery and persistence. The matador strives to execute as many elaborate passes with the cape as he is able. There are many stylized passes, which when executed properly appear graceful, bold and overwhelming. The veronica, the half veronica, the chicuelina and the natural passes, all exhibit skill and grace when performed correctly; and the aficionado is the judge. Let a matador produce a mediocre pass and the crowd is silent, but let him produce a pass performed with precision, feet unmoving and the bull brushing past the matador's suit of lights; then the arena is shaken to its very foundations with an ear-splitting series of "Oles."

The last stage of the fight arrives when the matador decides that he can learn nothing further by cape work alone. The bull is drawn to the further side of the ring whilst the matador exchanges his lightweight sword for the killing sword of heavier construction and weight. He then makes his dedication of the kill, to the President or General Franco (this must happen once during each corrida) or to some beautiful señorita, or if he is striving to please the crowd, then he will dedicate the bull to the crowd (always a popular decision!). From this stage onwards, the matador is trying to get the bull in a suitable position for the kill, i.e. the bull facing him with head lowered and standing quite still. This position having been obtained, there is an expectant hush over the arena, the matador takes his aim, and gracefully and deftly lunges forward, the sword being directed between the bull's shoulder blades and into his heart. If executed properly, the bull should die instantaneously, but sometimes an inexperienced matador will just miss the vital spot, and the unfortunate animal will merely be mortally wounded. In such a case, the matador will sever the bull's spinal cord, thus killing it instantly. For this operation, he uses a short dagger or sword called the descabello and so ensures that the animal suffers as little actual pain as possible. The crowd can be relied upon to express its intense disapproval of such a poor kill by whistling shrilly, and the unfortunate matador may lose future engagements due to this.

Just as any defection on the part of the bull or the matador is greeted by whistling and slow-handclapping by the crowd, so is a notable performance by the matador or the bull greeted by, at times, frenzied applause and cheering which may develop into a near riot. A worthy performance by the matador is rewarded by the president of the Corrida in the form of portions of the bull. In ascending order of merit these are: one ear, two ears, two ears and a tail, two ears a tail and a hoof, up to two ears a tail and four hooves. The jubilant matador will normally run round the perimeter of the ring, and cast his prizes into the crowd for his supporters to fight for. A noble and brave bull may be hauled round the ring in a sort of

lap of honour, to receive the applause of the crowd, before it is taken outside to be disposed of. A cowardly bull, who refused to fight, and was in Spanish eyes an insult to the honour of the matador and the crowd, will be whistled and jeered at, and the unfortunate breeder who entered it in the corrida will be promptly removed to a nearby prison. He will, if and when found guilty, receive a very heavy fine, perhaps running into the region of a thousand pounds, incur disbarment from bullfighting, and on top of everything, be inflicted with a serious social stigma.

A question of dresent day interest is whether football is drawing the crowds away from the bullring? In 1932 the secretary of the then S.P.C.A. wrote that in twenty years' time bullfighting would be extinct. However, he was not to be proved correct, as the number of corridas is tending to increase rather than to decrease, surely a sign that the corrida is far from extinct? Even if the Spaniard were ever to get tired of the "bulls," the tourist would always provide an eager, curious and interested audience. The tourist cannot resist supporting something which does not occur in his own country, and even if he did not find that he relished bullfighting, at least he would see one to find out; and all the tourists who go to Spain usually go out of their way to see a bullfight, just to be able to say that they have seen one, and of these, the majority are fascinated and return to see another. Bullfighting could almost exist on the tourist trade alone, and there will always be enough Spaniards to make up the numbers, ever eager for a few hours excitement and psychological escapement. Football is a sport which is watched by a man wearing a raincoat or overcoat, whether in Spain or in England; but the corrida is essentially a spectacle to be observed in the intense heat and illumination of the sun; indeed, the sun is reputed in Spain to be the staunchest aficionado of all. The warmth of the sun, the colourful dress of the crowd, the dazzling colours of the traditional dress of the matador, the so-called suit-of-lights, all go to make up the colourful pageantry of the corrida. The shedding of blood in itself is a process which implies warmth, the activity of the ring indicates heat, the pressure of the tightly packed crowd produces a humid, sweat-soaked atmosphere; the heat is combatted by numerous, long draughts of vino, locally produced of course; and the resultant state of the audience is one where the nerves are taut, breath is bated, and above all there is an expectant tension before the first bull enters the ring. The bull having appeared, the atmosphere is relaxed, and the heat and danger, the excitement and alcohol all produce a happy crowd, willing to show appreciation at the first sign of a deserving action, but also derision at the first sign of a bad performance.

The crowd have their own definition of morality and cruelty with regard to what happens to the bull, and although appreciative but intolerant of other ideas of what should or should not take place, are determined to see fair play. If they do not see what they wish to see, they cannot alter the fact, but they can, and do, express

their disapproval in the loudest possible manner, with the long-term result that the offending person either mends his ways or else falls by the wayside and sinks into oblivion, an oblivion of derision and social disfavour.

The bullfight is not British, or even European in nature. It may be traced back to Moorish origins, and then the latin temperament nurtured it through the years up to its present state. Whatever one's personal feelings on the subject, and man instinctively has a passion for the protection of animals, the bullfight must be maintained as an instance where man derives both a cultural and æsthetic appreciation of beauty, grace, life and death in the spectacle of a brave and noble beast pitting his wits and courage in mortal combat with a man, a man who in order to survive, must not only show fitness and bravery, but also grace, honour, nobility and respect for an opponent who is naturally endowed with infinitely greater strength and stamina than himself.

"Esta es la fiesta española,  
que viene de prole en prole,  
y ni el Gobierno la abole  
ni habrá nadie que la abola."

—Ricardo de la Vega.

JOHN F. WARREN, B.Sc. (Econ.)

## Romsey Abbey

The latch rises, the door swings open  
I step into the damp smelly half-light.  
Sharp footsteps cut through the stillness,  
Someone has just finished playing the organ—  
The last chords wander still around the gloomy rafters  
And murmur down along the silent nave.  
The light from the clerestory falls dim on the higher pillars.

The arches stride up and over, up and over  
In a sort of graceful determination,  
Marching to the East without a sound.  
You expect them to snap back or fall down  
Creation sink to Chaos in one solid, terrible crash.  
But they never do.  
Eternal conflict captured in cool grey stone.

I walk down the north aisle, gazing up at a low roof.  
Plaques, plaques, plaques. On the wall, new and clean,  
On the floor, old and worn.  
Sacred to the name.

Anno Aetatis, Requiescat.  
Died serving his.  
R.M.S. Titanic 1913.

Faces on the capitals grin and grimace at each other.  
Making wry comments on the passers by perhaps,  
Or leering at the choirboys year on year.  
Inhuman living faces from the middle ages  
Contrasting strangely  
With the dead, too too human faces staring back at them.  
Even devil-plagued church masons had a sense of humour.

Some great French architect, the caretaker tells me  
There's another one just like it in France  
It's been burnt once or twice, knocked and scarred a bit,  
A piece added here, another taken away.  
Some arches were bricked in, pews and galleries built,  
But that's all gone now, it's not changed much.  
The piers spring naked from the floor to the vaulting,  
Space and light mingle freely with the stonework.

He rambles on, I wait, half listening,  
Half imagining; The Saxon church, the fires, the nuns.  
The Organ, Cromwell, the old glass.  
I pause, and wonder what devoted hands  
Raised the pale columns to the roof.  
Who formed this blend of masonry and space.  
This gem, this melody, this poem, the salt sea's breeze,  
the sun's declining . . . No.  
Transpositions d'art, that's too easy,  
This Abbey.

Bricks and mortar, like the artist's sinew  
Can have a majesty beyond their gross originals  
Yet still be bricks and mortar.

Dreaming not of his own, but of "Laus Deo in Aeternum"  
"Ad maiorem Dei Gloriam" as St. Ignatius put it years later.  
The monkish builder took the stuff around him.  
Rock, clay, sand, timber,  
Enclosed in them a particle of space  
And grew from that another work of art,  
Of poetry if you like, a fragment of eternity.  
Space and limestone had come back to their own.  
He little doubted why he built it,  
Convinced as he was of the glory of God  
Because his house was so beautiful.

DICK BATEMAN.

## The Mosquito

Lost in thought,  
I thought,  
I was distracted by a mosquito.  
It was not strange.  
Even genius,  
Sweating blood,  
Would attend to a mosquito  
Sucking it.

But it was strange  
That this insect, drooping and drifting  
Down to my hand, should break the spiral  
Of thought and word, feeding on me;  
Needling me into recognition . . .  
Shocked  
I struck  
That was that. More than dead,  
He lay, spread like a signature.  
Small and black  
Within the circle of his blood-meal.

Strange!  
In death, his appearance owed more to me  
Than to himself, and my thoughts to him  
More than to myself.

A mere insect,  
Turning the creating mind to thoughts of destruction,  
Pen or brush  
Discarded for the immediate virtues  
Of a rolled-up newspaper.  
Which have we misjudged  
Man or the mosquito?

A.D.

## Although

Although I cannot speak to you  
Although I can scream  
And you do not hear  
Listen to me now  
What I have to say is very simple.



Do not attempt to explain  
The mystery of love, for there is none,  
Love (we all know) is a chemical process,  
A snarled-up rag-bag of need and desire,  
Tainted by morality, sickly and sweet as paint.  
The heart (we all know) is a pump.  
The thump we feel is the pristine reaction  
Of an animal making ready for rape.  
What difference does it make?

Sometimes  
I hear my blood talking to me. Sometimes,  
Like a flood-tide, rolling up the darkness;  
And although it is only chemistry,  
I must listen,  
And attempt the impossible synthesis.

So say to your lover  
"We will grow old together. After the  
Nervous confidence  
Of youth, the short sight that showed no horizon,  
The restless illusions of immortality;  
After we have long made, across the barrier of chance  
Our sublime and mindless rendez-vous  
Like sleepwalkers . . . after we have known  
The secret catalyst, the thin shafts of sunlight,  
Which alone  
Gave meaning to our existence together;  
After the blood-tide is over

And hope only,  
The archtypal confidence trick,  
Makes us hold onto life (as old men in the street  
Hold on a burnt-out cigarette), burning  
Our memories, until we feel only vaguely, coldly,  
The twisted entrails of regret  
For yesterday, for youth and high summer;  
After the  
Sexual impotence, followed by  
Mental impotence, followed by  
Physical impotence, will it be  
Our fate to be thrown to rot together  
On that old, dogma-ridden scrap-heap,

Death?  
Does it matter? You have your life  
You have your life  
You have your life  
Why should you bow to the void?

A.D.

## Bells

A phrase belled in my head  
insistent as the nauseous throb  
of Sunday come to church.  
A sweet fire leapt along my spine  
chill'd as an autumn tongue of wind  
flickering in the crevice of my mind.

Visibly  
nothing changes. A long body  
drapes crookedly on the chair.  
Breath let-out reveals a plume of smoke.  
Eyes follow the stub of cigarette  
drawn deeply back, and seem  
to wait.

I look at you;  
at my hands. The tolled note  
draws back a wave of dreams  
like a petrified lip of sea,  
poised, gathering for the impulse,  
forestalled by words, casually,  
imperceptively, flickering behind my face.

No one  
will ever love you more  
than I, upon this stay of time,  
love all of you. Your silhouette  
dim against the distant sky  
where daylight lingers in a cave  
of cloud, washed in mellow, liquid fire.

Your long hair tangled  
and your face a patch of softness  
as the shadows close us in.

I hum greensleeves  
under my breath, laugh  
with silent bitterness to stall  
the pain—

Your words  
come to me brokenly from the past  
and lie in fragments in my mind,  
as sharp, as clear as a wineglass  
shattered by a song. Smoke ascends  
bluely, thin shredded wisps  
of your cigarette corkscrew into nothingness.  
You hold a paper; I feel your mind  
wandering in sleepiness, half-absorbed  
in a crossword puzzle.

slowly sinking  
in a daze of tenderness,  
I watch you; Press another  
picture in the memory album  
a thin grey face will someday  
laugh at.

Now  
my throat knows no words,  
my soul only a dead tale.  
I turn  
towards the sky and see  
a meaningless pall of greyness.  
Bells throb as the great wave breaks.

JERRY HOOKER.

## A Voice

In  
the still afternoon, locked  
by a gunmetal sky  
to the common's edge  
motionless gorse huddled  
in a mess of brittle grass,  
throws up a tiny bird  
sudden as a match struck  
in the dark, and drops it  
quivering out of sight.  
The light dies, too slight  
to stir life in abeyance.

#### Rain

drums a dead note  
on corrugated roofs, finds  
here a shallow pool  
where the trees droop and drop  
their twigs, and litters  
its surface with little rings,  
drawing transient figures  
between the broken oak fingers  
thrusting upwards.

#### Leaves

curl suddenly outwards  
from my feet and dance  
wildly on the furtive wind,  
then quietly sink and float  
becalmed on the pool.  
Sharp wet splinters  
strike into my hair  
and sting the unprotected  
flesh.

In an instant the scene  
is changed. I turn shaken  
and sick to catch a voice  
rain has startled  
in the jumble of my mind  
from half a day's silence.  
The alien sense of unknown fear  
falls suddenly, remorselessly  
behind the eyes. A voice  
shuts out the wind.  
"I am betrayed. *Your* poems  
are my pain."

JERRY HOOKER.

### Pictures: The Moth Collection

I, Harpagon  
shuttered from the circumambient  
dark, secured by 40 watts  
from the inquisitive eye, the crooked  
hand of night, crouch  
over my most priceless treasure,  
a collection of moths.

An odour of ammonia,  
a heap of brittle antennae  
and faded wings. See!  
Fine moths, big, sad creatures,  
innocent as babies, owl-faced beauties  
of the sleepless, watching hours.  
And this, my latest, loveliest child  
I pin tonight with special ceremony.

Symbols are masks  
concealing the squalid fact.  
Misers of memory  
cannot hold the moment of living,  
but when the moment is buried  
store the shape.  
Life demands no words;  
only a poem is a shade  
of failure—miser of memories.

Disposition of time and circumstance  
arranged an autumn afternoon  
quiet as an old man  
who murmurs of the failing seed.

We drank coffee  
in a rain washed hour  
and watched the cathedral,  
a stone finger thrust  
in the palely blue sky.

The kestrel  
poised beyond the limit  
of a thread, joy without creed,  
static as a fly  
drowned in a coffee cup,  
frames my picture, forms  
a breath taking wholeness.

Glancing at your face  
I knew the sudden falling,  
sickness catching in the throat.  
"Love," mind whispered,  
"is a maniac, a prince  
in Myopia."  
With equal indifference Lear  
laughs on a tombstone,  
or a heath.  
Afterwards we walked by the river  
and I drowned.

My loveliest moth  
spiked on sandelwood,  
is dead, for ever dead.  
Is not the burr  
against the candlelight, the sightless throb  
on nights when the dark slants  
out where the trees are still and straight,  
far lovelier?

And now the lonely hour  
falls when I must sleep  
and say goodnight  
to all my moths.  
Of you, especially, my loveliest  
child, I, Harpagon,  
will dream.

It is February;  
April a movement  
of two calendar leaves.  
And April is a month  
of butterflies.

JERRY HOOKER.

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